Boston, Nov. 9, 1835.

My dear Wife:

Yesterday (Sabbath) forenoon, I concluded not to go to church, because, to confess the truth, I had not replaced my torn pantaloons, and as the weather was too warm to justify the wearing of a cloak. About eleven o'clock, one of Mrs. Southwick's daughters came down to our house, and gave me the startling information that my dear friend Thompson would leave the country in the course of an hour — that he was going to sail in a packet for St. John — and that he wished to see me immediately. Of course, I went in all haste and with much trepidation; for the idea of separating from him — perhaps till the close of life — filled my soul with anguish. I found his wife in tears; she could not go with him, and no doubt felt somewhat unhappy. She is to visit her sister at Baltimore, and will then sail for England. My heart swells with sorrow, my cheeks burn with indignation, when I think of the treatment which Thompson has received at the hands of the people of this country. If

he were a murderer, or parricide, he could not be treated more shamefully than he has been. To think of his being in danger of assassination, even in broad daylight — nay, even in the streets of Boston! Shame — infamy upon the city! But I have no time to moralize — but you will feel deeply, without the aid of my comments. Suffice it to say, Mr. Chapman took Mr. T. down to the wharf in a carriage, saw him safely on board the packet, and the vessel move down the harbor. So we trust he is now on his way to a place of safety and rest. From St. John he will sail for England. Mr. Knapp will probably go down to him, to convey his baggage safely.

Our election, to-day, has passed off quietly. Several votes have been cast for me, but how many is not yet known. We have not been disturbed at the house, and I walk through the city without receiving any insult.

I have no lamp — and it is so dark (I am writing at the office) that I cannot see to write more. I am in very good health and spirits, and hope you and the rest of the household are in a similar condition.

Adieu! Ever yours,

W. L. Garrison.

P. S. I am now at the house, and have broken open the letter to enjoin secrecy upon you and the rest of the family, respecting Thompson's departure.— Here, in Boston, we shall say nothing about it, for the present.

Brother George has just written to me, giving me the agreeable information of his visit to Brooklyn, and kindly advising as to the disposal of our furniture. As our friend, the Weston, can accommodate it all, and will take good care of it, we shall have no difficulty on this score. At the first favorable moment, we shall attempt to sell it.

Saw Mrs. May to-day, who told me she presumed Mr. May was in Brooklyn, and would probably be here in a few days. She looks well, is cheerful, and seems undaunted, notwithstanding the perils of the times.

New subscribers to the Liberator still continue to come in — not less than a dozen to-day. Am much obliged to the mob.

If I should not get a letter from you on Wednesday, shall be very much disappointed.

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

Single.